

*The Historie of*

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But mark him not a word; O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,  
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather lue  
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,  
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

*Mor.* In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read and profited  
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull  
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Coofen,  
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,  
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,  
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.  
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
Without the taſt of danger and reproofe:  
But doe not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And ſince your coming hither, haue done enough.  
To put him quite beſides his patience:  
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,  
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:  
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of gouernement,  
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;  
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,  
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine  
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed,  
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,  
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

*Glen.* My Daughter weepes, ſhee le not part with you,

Sheele.

*Henry the Fourth.*

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſhee le to the warres.

*Mor.* Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt *Percy*,  
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

*Glendower ſpeakes to her in welſh, and ſhe answers  
him in the ſame.*

*Glen.* She is desperat heere,  
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wil'd harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe  
good vpon.

*The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.*

*Mor.* I vnderſtand thy lookes, that pretty welſh,  
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,  
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame  
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwer thee.

*The Lady againe in Welſh.*

*Mor.* I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,  
And thats a feeling diſputation:  
But I will neuer be a truant loue,  
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue  
Makes *Welſh* as ſweets as ditties highly pend,  
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,  
With rauifhing diuiſion to her lute.

*Glen.* Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

*The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.

*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,  
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,  
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,  
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,  
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe,  
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The houre before the heauenly harueſt teeme  
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.

*Mor.* With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,  
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

*Glen.* Do ſo, and thoſe Muſitions that ſhall play to you,  
Hang in the ayre a thouſand Leagues from thence,  
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attent.

F 3.

*Hot.*